

## A PAGE PARTICULARLY FOR WOMEN READERS

## The KITCHEN CABINET

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.  
"I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a thousand ways."

## A FEW DESSERTS

Do you enjoy the old fashioned cottage pudding, as many do? This is a good one: Take a tablespoonful of softened butter, one cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg, a little salt and a grating of nutmeg. One-half cupful of milk, with flour to make a soft cake batter—about one and one-half cupfuls—and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan. Cut in squares or rounds and serve with:

**Vinegar Sauce.**—Take one-half cupful of sugar, mix well with a tablespoonful of flour, add one-half cupful of boiling water and cook until the flour is well cooked. Add one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one tablespoonful of butter. Serve both cake and sauce hot.

**Pear and Jam Dessert.**—Cut small circles from stale sponge cake. Pour over some of the syrup from a can of pears, arrange halves of pears on the cake, sprinkle with a bit of grated lemon rind and cover with raspberry jam and stick thickly with blanched and quartered almonds which have been slightly toasted in salted butter. Serve with a syrup, using the canned pear juice, slightly thickened, and flavor with grated lemon rind.

**Cranberry Punch.**—Take one-fourth of a cupful of seeded raisins, cover with two cupfuls of boiling water and simmer one-half hour. Wash three cupfuls of cranberries and add to the drained raisin liquor; boil ten minutes, force through a sieve. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Freeze to a mush.

**Orange Pie.**—Bake a rich pastry shell. Cool and fill with oranges that have been sliced and allowed to stand covered with sugar. Heap the sugared fruit into the shell top with whipped cream and serve. Or a meringue cooked in hot water may be heaped over the top.

**Rhubarb Pudding.**—Spread bread with butter on both sides, cut in small sized pieces, arrange in a buttered baking dish, add a cupful of sliced fresh rhubarb and sugar to sweeten. Add a small amount of water and bake until the mixture is well cooked. Serve with a hard sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

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## Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

## ANALYZE MISTAKES

WHEN you make a mistake, find out why you made it. Think it over a few minutes. Fix in your mind the manner in which it happened. Be ashamed of it, if it is a bad mistake. Scare yourself about it, if it is a dangerous one.

The child never forgets the mistake he makes when he puts his finger in the fire. That mistake he has to think about for a long time afterward. One of the kind is always enough for him.

Admiral Peary's Eskimo dogs made the mistake of eating all that was given them when they were encamped in the Arctic regions waiting for one of his dashes to the pole. Apparently they remembered that mistake when the food ran out and some of their number had to be eaten.

When the survivors of the pack returned to America they were very sparing of the food that was given them, and buried the remainder. More than that they scoured the neighborhood for food to bury. They had had time to think over their mistakes.

Most people have much the same sort of work to do every working day. Those who do not think over their mistakes continue to make them and for the most part they always stay where they are.

Men who make the same mistakes twice never get the confidence of an employer.

Those who think about their mistakes, and find out ways to eliminate them, are those who get along.

It is better to discover your own mistakes than to wait for the boss to discover them. Discover them early, and you can do without them the next time.

Go over your work. If it is not up to the mark that you ought to make, you have either made important mistakes, or wasted time, which in itself is an important mistake.

Think about that. Let it sink into your soul. Think how it sink your work back, and what the repetition of it will do to your life's work.

This may not contribute to your reason the night you are thinking about it, but it will make you sleep better for many a night to come. Perfection is the absence of mistakes. We cannot say of us achieve it, but we can all achieve a pretty fair substitute by cutting mistakes to the minimum.

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Regardless of the fact that we have a republican form of government, we are the most democratic nation on the face of the globe.

## THE SPRING WRAP AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION



A NEW spring wrap and a new spring hat, what more could one wish for? It matters not which way the wind blows, weather's caprice can not affect the happy possessor of a smart new coat. The present day wraps are a joy to womanhood, with their roomy sleeves and "comfy" collars, which are so adjustable to circumstances.

A coat is known by its lining. There is real satisfaction in having a coat that is attractive inside and out. Rich linings of crepe de chine and canton crepe in vivid red, jade and turquoise enliven some of the neutral-toned top coats. The tendency for crepe-like weaves in linings is very apparent this season.

As to fabrics, an outstanding new weave is called velveteen. Cashmere suede cloths and dreveta are again popular and one hears much of kasha cloth and krepekt.

Strait-line coats, with their greatest fullness above the waist, are favored types. In fact the blouse is carried to such an extreme in some instances, it shows the cape influence.

Solid colors are of excellent selection in high-grade garments and the new ideas range especially in camel and deer shades. There is decided favor expressed for wood tans and all light-toned weaves, but coming with these is the announcement that navy blue is especially good. This is an important note, for, as most of us know, for several seasons navy has been relegated to the background.

One makes no mistake in buying a coat along the lines of the one featured in the accompanying illustration. It is of de-velveteen velveteen. Note the single button fastening, which is indicated in a majority of the advance models, together with the cape effect.

Julia Bottin

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## YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

## THE FINGER NAILS

WHEN the "moon at the root of the finger nails shows a red color of mixed shading, it is an indication of a combative nature, which delights in contests of bodily strength or mental agility. Note whether the nail of the finger of Saturn, or second finger, bears a white mark. This is held by some authorities to indicate a voyage to be undertaken by the subject. If a nail shows black marks, it is an indication of sorrow and trouble. On the thumb nail the black mark shows a faulty, passionate nature. On the nail of the finger of Mercury, the little finger, a white spot means a successful business enterprise, and a black spot means the opposite, a reverse or disaster in business.

If there is a white, star-shaped mark on the nail, it is a sign of affection that is not requited, except when the mark appears on the thumb nail, when it means the opposite, or requited affection.

Nails of medium length and width, and of a bluish tint, show that the circulation of the blood is faulty, and there is a tendency toward extreme nervousness.

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## UP BOBS ZIPPY-ZIP

By GEORGE ROEBUCK

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In Which the Hero is Discovered Sitting On the 17th Volume of The Encyclopedia Britannica; and of Zippie-Zip, The Greatest Woman On Earth.

He was very young and very freckled and pushed down between his eager eyes was a stubby little nose. To Zippie-Zip, listening respectfully at his side, he was the most remarkable man in the world. There was no doubt in his mind that she was the greatest woman on earth.

Zippie-Zip was rich. He, Oliver Underwood Remington Smith, she called him, was rich only in health and the joy of living; otherwise he was soon to be shipped to an orphan's home. This concerned him little as it was Spring and they young. A hobnob went rejoicing merrily over their heads, and a pewee whistled plaintively in the shrubbery at their feet. From a flowering rhododendron bush a thrush called joyously, and back in the gloomy silence of the forest an owl hooted three creepy long hoots that made Zippie-Zip sit up with a vague shadow of fear etched upon her lovely face. Only her eyes spoke in grave concern. She glanced inquiringly at Oliver and moistened her lips with a tiny red tongue.

"It's only an owl, Zippie," he said bravely as he moved across the grass to her side. "Owls don't hurt anybody."

"You're not afraid of owls, Oliver?"

"Me? No!" They peeped cautiously over their shoulders. Nearly a hundred yards away a pool of black shadows floated on a splash of sunshine that seeped down through the leaves. From the center of this phantom circle a huge gray owl blinked his burning eyes solemnly at them.

"O—oh!" she whispered. My goodness me!" Oliver smiled as he leaned over and picked up a coverless seventeenth volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica upon which he had been sitting, and hugged it lovingly to his side. She looked at the dilapidated old store of knowledge and thought how old it would seem to see the boy without the dusty old book at his side.

The light melted from the shadows and the owl voiced his mournful satisfaction so gloomily she grabbed his arm and nestled close to his ample body. The lazy evening breezes caught up her curls of glossy, buckeye brown and tossed them gently about his face. She sat with shoulders drooping, and her eyes—talkative gray eyes that were as softly gray as the mocking bird's breast—looked thoughtfully into his. Presently her lids closed and a smile lit up her face with a glory that Oliver was never to forget.

"I'm going to be a great man, Zippie-Zip." It must have been the witchery of her smile that made him voice his greatest ambition to this greatest woman on earth. "I think, maybe, I'll build an air-ship or be a 'super' like Old Man Emery," he continued thoughtfully as the smile left her lips and a respectful, believing look settled in her eyes. "I have thought a great deal about writing a book like Robinson Crusoe, too."

Her lips puckered in silent approval. This was Oliver Underwood Remington Smith talking—not Oliver Ulysses Remus Smith that strangers knew, but the nicknamed freckled lad that met every one in Ordinary loved. He was Oliver Ulysses Remus Smith just once a week—on Sunday morning when Brother Belso met him at the church door.

A pale, pinkish-yellow moon slid half way over a blue nose-shaped peak as the sun still burned a dull red sunset over the western rim of the Cumberland. Something was in the air that discouraged talk. Their eyes drooped and their fingers twisted in the long green grass, and they wiggled their bare toes and blinked at them just as if those twenty toes had not been there all their happy lives. The sun suddenly melted and fell with a splash to the mountain-top and streaked the heavens for miles. He moved uneasily. It was time to go and he had something to say to her, something important, for he was going away next day.

"When we grow up, Zippie, what do you suppose we'll do?"

"I—I—don't know Oliver. Why?"

"I'll be leaving for the Home tomorrow," he reminded her suddenly conscious of a queer gripping in his throat. "Will you care, Zippie?"

She bit her lip. It was a serious

moment for them; a great moment filled with a bewildering sense of hopelessness that neither could clearly understand.

"You'll come back for me—some day?"

He nodded violently. Words were not to be trusted then.

"When I'm famous as Shakespeare and wear long blue serge pants like Allen Grass, he promised after a long pause.

She smiled bravely and told herself that he would surely be all that he wanted to be. Unconsciously her eyes sought the ancient encyclopaedia and remained fastened upon it. He only had to learn everything in the big book to become famous, and as she looked up at his great head she felt sure that he must know half of its contents now.

"And you'll be big enough to sing for the graphophone by then," he smiled cheerfully.

Zippie-Zip was going to be a great musician some day. He remembered how sure every one was of it in Ordinary after they heard her play "Hearts and Flowers" at the commencement exercises. She sang solos at the Sunday meetings of the Sun Beam Society of the Methodist Church, and once she rendered a sad solo at a happy wedding. She would be a grand wife, he thought, and that was why he was willing to go to the Home. He dreamed great dreams of life there, boy dreams that Brother Belso told him God meant for boys to dream. They had talked much of his going. For weeks it had been a glorious anticipation; but now as he looked at her his heart sank and he wished that he might become famous right in Ordinary.

Later they walked hand in hand towards the sleepy little mountain town in which they lived. Cow's bells tinkled lazily as they homeward made their way. Now and then a shrill voice rose in a sharp command and a tardy cow's bell jangled rapidly. Across the railroad and over the green of the ball ground they walked in dreamy silence until they came to Clark Avenue that crept the dusty length of the one-sided little town. Half way down the avenue they turned up a short street which led to a gray brick church at the top of a hill.

The big church with its many stained windows was a marvel—the great window in the semi-wing always holding their rapt attention. It was of many soft colors and rose to the very top of the building in wondrous beauty. Near the bottom they read: IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF CLARA JAMES GRAYSON Clara James Grayson was Zippie-Zip's dead mother. This is why they paused to read the sacred tribute. They did not tarry long but passed on down the street until they came to the long brown town hall, and crossed over to the doctor's odd red office. Zippie-Zip lived in the middle of the block and presently he opened her gate. The shadows were deep now and the great maples before the house cast a dense gloom over where they stood.

His hand still held her's and he was leaving next day. A light flooded the room behind them, and a sharp, rasping voice rose in a call—a voice that both knew well.

"Zeppie!"

She moved and unconsciously he felt himself drawing her hand to his lips. Half way up he paused, jerked her fiercely to him and kissed her warm lips. A sob reached his ears and he pushed her swiftly away.

"You're not mad, Zippie?" he asked fearfully. She shook her head.

"Why, why no," she stammered.

"We—we're engaged now."

"And you'll wait for me, won't you, Zeppie?"

Again she nodded and again he kissed her—holding her with all his eager strength as he listened to a pounding heart to the fierce whisperings of this greatest woman on earth. "I'll wait," he heard her whisper, her lips close to his ear, "I'll wait a hundred years—I'll wait forever, but please hurry up and be a man!" (To be continued.)

## Cream Mints.

Put one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of corn sirup into a saucepan. Boil to the soft ball stage and pour out on a buttered platter to cool. When cool, work with a wooden spoon until creamy. Set away covered with a cloth. When ready to prepare, melt over hot water, add peppermint and drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper. Wintergreen patties may be prepared by adding a bit of pink coloring and wintergreen flavoring.

## The Warmth of Friendship

Sunday is Her day Off. Church in the morning and a Delightful motor over the mountain for a Dinner at the Hotel Norton. For many particular people who desire to entertain their friends on Sunday our Special Sunday Dinners are filling a long felt need.

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The Hotel Norton